I know thou dist not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.
All. Oh heauens forefend.
Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.
Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.
Gra. Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;
I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.
Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gr. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread in twaine: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And

And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* know
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of sham
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* co
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that recognisance and pledge of l
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his h
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique toke
My Father gaue my Mother.
Em. O heauen, O heauenly powers.
Iag. Come, hold your peace.
Em. Twill out, twill out: I hold my pe
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em a
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile spea
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handk
I found by fortune, and did giue my hus
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a tr
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I fo
And I did giu't my husband.
Iag. Filth, th ou liest.
Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not
O murderous Coxcombe! what should
Doe with so good a woman?
The Moore runs at Iago. Iag
Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernit
Gra. The woman falls; sure he has k
Em. I, i, O lay me by my mistresse si
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take
Which I haue here recouered from the

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